a messenger, the grand old woman of the last century, has brought to us fragments from the oldest book In the world, perhaps of other worlds, handed across the earth's mightiest wall, engraved on oblong discs preserved on the altars of temples far from the haunts of men, dim with the mists of prehistoric ages. What say they ?

" Woe to the living dead ! "

My last lines are penned while resting on £C the meadow of flowers." All around are occupied solely in eating, drinking, and playing golf to " keep fit/5

Fit for what ?

Not vanity, but a great compassion has prompted the writing of these pages, a pro-found pity for those whom occultists speak of as ᵘ dead," those outside their life.

Into that Life the tired traveller entering finds himself indeed in "an Aladdin's dream."

Yet it is the only life which is real.

There love brings a greater love which does not chill.

There pleasure never palls.

There A.D. does not decay.

And as the lingam and the cross have the

same